



# *Tsienneto*

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*A Legend of Beaver Lake*



# T S I E N N E T O

*SHO-NEE-TO.*



*Photo by J. W. Bowley, Lynn, Mass.*

Trees in foreground mark the carriage road along the north-east shore, Beaver Lake.

## A LEGEND OF BEAVER LAKE, DERRY, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY R. N. RICHARDSON. 1907.



CAIRN MARKING THE PLACE WHERE IT IS SUPPOSED  
THE FIRST SERMON WAS PREACHED,  
APRIL 12, 1719.



Photo by J. W. Bowley,  
Lynn, Mass.

AFTER PICKEREL—TAYLOR'S COVE, BEAVER LAKE.



BEAVER LAKE, FROM THE NORTH-EASTERN SLOPES.

# INTRODUCTORY DESCRIPTIVE HISTORICAL

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*"Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond;"*

—Whittier.

**T**F YOU were "Once a barefoot boy," playing along the shores of Beaver Lake, you undoubtedly have memories of unbounded pleasure as,

*"With thy turned-up pantaloons,"*

you waded far into the clear water, and, with your sapling "fish-pole," fresh-cut from neighboring wood, you cast to the favorite haunt of the pickerel; or, perhaps you plucked the fragrant lillies that decked the cove with beauteous grace and seemed to bloom for you alone. That was on a June day. And you remember another day, when the wood was ablaze with autumnal splendor, you repaired to

*"—the walnut slopes beyond,"*

again filling your pockets with goodly store. You paused in your search for the coveted hickories to drink of the reflected glories just beyond the sunset ripple creeping from the western shore. You shouted in joy ecstatic, and knew not why, lest it was to listen for the reverberant echo.

You may not have been Whittier's subject for "The Barefoot Boy," you may have never played by the Beaver; it matters not; for the theme is universal, and the lake of sufficient beauty to quicken the youthful spirit, and recall the

*"—red lip, redder still,  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill."*



A WINTER PATH  
TO THE LAKE

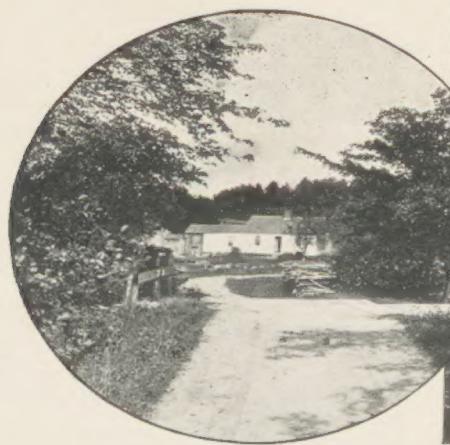
SIENNETO (BEAVER) LAKE, in Derry, New Hampshire, is the principal headwater of Beaver River which enters the Merrimack River at Lowell, Massachusetts. It is about one mile in length, its two arms forming a right angle. At the point of the inner angle is a granite boulder, seemingly placed by design, which, for obvious reasons is called Point Rock.\* Nearly all the three miles of shore is free from swamp, and a carriage road, near the water extends along the north, east and west shores. The lake is famous for its pickerel and good catches are reported each season.

The lands about Beaver Lake were included in the grant of the Plymouth Colony to Georges and Mason, but were first held with clear title by white men in 1638, when conveyance was made to Rev. John Wheelwright, a contemporary and classmate of Oliver Cromwell and founder of the town of Exeter, New Hampshire, of a large tract of land between the Piscataqua and Merrimack rivers. The deed was signed by Passaconaway,† the chief sagamore in that region, whose immediate jurisdiction was at Pennacook (Concord). Other chiefs assented to the conveyance.

\*See the Legend.

†Also written Wehanonaway.

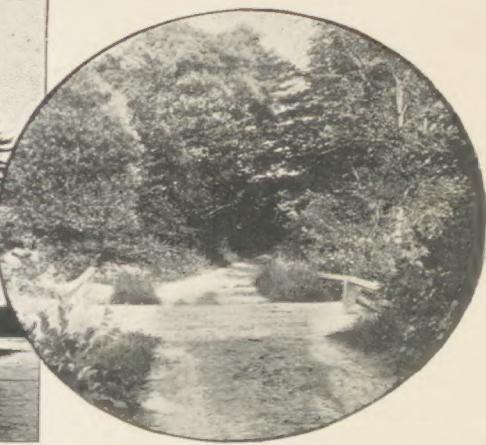
The first evidence of civilization was the gathering of settlers from West-running Brook, about two miles distant, to the east shore of the lake, where, beneath a large oak, Rev. James MacGregor preached the first sermon in Nutfield, from which germinated a strong Presbyterian body. This was April 12, 1719, the



ACROSS THE BRIDGE  
TO TAYLOR'S



JUST AROUND  
POINT ROCK



ACROSS THE BRIDGE  
TO EAST DERRY

day following that of their arrival at West-running Brook. A cairn of stones marks the spot. (See second page). Nearby is the site of one of the first framed houses in Londonderry, built by John MacMurphy. These historic places are within the limits of one of the earliest private holdings in the English Range, (that of Captain David Cargill, in 1720) and was near, if not the most easterly of the allotments.



BEAVER LAKE PICKEREL.

North of the lake is the historic English Range referred to. These excellent farm lands were divided into grants for individual ownership in 1720. An illustration of one of the original houses, the Palmer place, is given on another page. This is on the John Crombie grant. In this vicinity the lover of the pastoral or quiet landscape will find his ideal. Many of these charming vistars afford glimpses of the lake.

The proprietors of Londonderry were emigrants from Londonderry, Ireland, and were descended from Scotch emigrants to Ireland from Argyllshire, about the year 1612.

They received their title from Col. John Wheelwright, of Welles, Maine, grandson of Rev. John Wheelwright, Oct. 20, 1719, and their charter in the name of George III, June, 1722. The territory was about ten miles square. Feb. 25, 1739, a part of the southern territory was incorporated the town of Windham. Londonderry was incorporated in 1742. In 1828 another division was made and the town of Derry was incorporated.



BEAVER LAKE, NEAR MR. T. B. ABBOTT'S.



The first illustration shows the bridge over the stream that flows into the lake from the east. To the left of the position of the bridge Captain David Cargill built a gristmill early in 1720. Later this mill was owned by John MacMurphy, and has since been called the MacMurphy mill. Parts of the old mill remained within the beginning of the present century.

The second illustration shows a part of the beautiful drive along the north-east shore. Several of the early grants of land in the English Range were bounded by this shore. Here dwelt some of the prominent families of the English settlers.





WITH THE CAMPERS, BEAVER LAKE.

“O'er no sweeter lake shall  
morning break,  
Or noon-cloud sail;  
No lighter wave than thine shall take  
The sunset's golden veil.



The above beautiful lines by Whittier, though dedicated to another lake (Kenoza, Haverhill, Mass.,) are applicable in this instance. Morrison, in his history of Windham, N. H., refers to Policy Pond (Canobie Lake) with the same lines.



1 WEST SHORE, PALMER'S TO ABBOTT'S  
2 LOOKING TOWARD THE OUTLET.



## T S I E N N E T O

### A LEGEND OF BEAVER LAKE |

*But the isle was there, and once 't was green  
With sylvan grandeur in th' fair lake's sheen;  
And the whispering pinetrees flourished there,  
By the lodge of Old Tsienneto.*

In a glen by the "Little Water of the East,"\* where whirr's and dances that madly coursing streamlet; where weirdly-cadenced water voices unceasingly call with beckoning intonation, I sat me down, a willing captive to the enticing restfulness of one of nature's beauty spots. And as I listened to the voices of the brook, I noted upon the opposite bank a magnificent Jack-in-the-pulpit, deep flanked with beautiful ferns. With hypnotic gaze I beheld the Jack till it seemed to dominate the glen. Then suddenly the purple-stained calyx lifted, and there in the striped pulpit stood not the scarlet-berried spadix, but a little old gray-visaged wood-nymph. Of odd and ancient mein was this little wood-nymph, and reminiscent—a dweller in the past. Mine was royal entertainment, while with quaintly modulated accents, she told of the frolicking Naiads inhabiting the dreamy vales, the quiet meadows and softly-purling reaches of the "Little-Water-of-the-West."†

"Little Wood-Nymph," I said, "Since you dwell in a 'memory plant,' tell me of the legend of Tsienneto?"

\* *Jennie Dickey Brook.*    † *Cheever Brook.*





SCENES ABOUT MR. HENRY  
BAGLEY'S RESIDENCE,  
BEAVER LAKE.

am no longer young, yea, I am centuries old, and I would leave the story as a legacy to such as you, who delight in the freedom of the wood.

"In the days of the first forest, when the "Little Water-of-the-East whirled and danced at the foot of grand old pines and hemlocks: before the great sagamore, Passaconaway, was born, or the federation of the Five Nations, and the wonderful tales of Glooscap,\* the great Indian Divinity, were told in every lodge and by every campfire of the Algonquins, came Tsienneto, a great hunter, a great traveller, a great

\**Leland's Algonquin Legends.*

Instantly the purple-stained calyx fell, and I thought I had frightened her away. But soon the curtain lifted a little, and I saw her peeping at me. I reassured her with a smile and was most graciously rewarded.

Lifting her magic wand in appeal for silence she leaned far out of the zypher-swayed pulpit, saying, "List: I alone remain of those who witnessed the deeds of the actors in the story of Tsienneto. The tale has never been told. But I

magician, to the waters of the Beaver. In that time at close of day the maiden-hair lifted its delicate fronds as if to receive an evening benediction from the o'ershadowing dew-kissed sylvan mantel in the

'Isle of Great Enchantment' in the waters of the Beaver. For there was an island.\*



SCENES IN TAYLOR'S COVE,  
BEAVER LAKE.



From afar off came Tsienneto,  
Up the Big-Stream-of-the Sunset.†  
He was travel-worn and weary,  
And his birchen-skiff was battered.

And he rested in the island:  
In the Isle of Great Enchantment.  
In the waters of the Beaver,  
And a lodge built he within it.

\* Fishermen know of the sunken island.  
† Merrimack River.



SAILING ON BEAVER LAKE.

places thus desolated. The deer shall leave the near country, the beaver cease their craft in the waters of that region, and your campfires shall be forever out. Yonder isle shall disappear, and fishes prowl where now stands my lodge. In the days of the third forest the deer shall return, but the beaver—never.'

"And all the great men assembled were afraid, for they had heard of the power of Tsienetto.

"A sign! A sign! Prove thy power," they cried.

\* The settlers about Beaver Lake were not molested by the Indians.

"The Pawtuckets were shortly aware of the presence of a stranger. But they dare not enter the island, for they believed it to be enchanted.

"An ambush was so arranged that while hunting upon the hills north-east of the lake, Tsienetto was seized and taken before a council of chiefs and great men. There he prophecied that great misfortune would come to the tribes in the region of the Beaver.

"'A peculiar people,' he said, 'with pale-hued faces, shall come from beyond the big water. They will devastate the forests, and dwell unmolested\* in the

LOOKING WEST FROM A POINT NEAR  
BEAVER LAKE PAVILION.

A DOUBLE PICTURE.



"On the eastern end of the island stood a great pine, large enough for what was called in later days, a King's tree.\* In the time of Tsienetto it was called the Guardian of the Isle of Great Enchantment.

Selecting a small granite boulder from the drift, Tsienetto pointed to the tall pine, remarked upon its beauty, (for Tsienetto possessed an artistic temperament) saying, 'With this stone shall yonder tree be blasted. The spirit within the tree shall die with it, and the island wither away.'

"Then, with a mighty effort Tsienetto hurled the boulder at the tree. On it sped, and the chiefs and great men marveled that it did not fall. Straight to the mark it went, crashing into and severing the trunk of the Guardian of the Isle of Great Enchantment; and the boulder fell upon the opposite shore. You call it Point Rock, but it should be named Tsienetto Boulder. And the distance it was thrown was more than a half mile! The island lost its charm, and storms beat upon it, and it disappeared."

Quickly the purple stained calyx fell. I sprang across the brook, seized the swaying pulpit, crying "It is false! You are a—— where are you, little Wood-Nymph?"

The answer was the weirdly modulated bubbling of the laughing voices of the brook, rushing down and out of the glen.

Then I awoke.



\* Pine trees 35 inches in diameter and over were marked with the sign of an arrow, to be preserved for spars for use on the ships of the English navy.



*Photo by J. W. Bentley.*

THE DRIVES NEAR BEAVER LAKE ARE BEAUTIFUL.  
West shore. The lake to the right.



A REAL SUNSET, BEAVER LAKE.

Taken with sun fifteen minutes below the horizon.

*Come all ye dwellers of  
the town,  
From village, lane and  
alley,  
To where a streamlet  
trickles down  
A hemlock-shaded valley.*

JENNIE DICKEY  
BROOK.



*Take from your life  
one week of strife  
And add to it one of  
pleasure;  
That memory may some  
future day,  
Look back upon with  
pleasure.*

—Nessmuk.

A WINTER  
SCENE.



ENGLISH RANGE ROAD.

NATHANIEL PALMER PLACE.

TO THE LAKE.

EAST SHORE ROAD.

NEAR JENNIE DICKEY BROOK.

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